Yellowst
F
722.9
.A1
no.630

Canyon Songs

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/canyonsongs630yell

Mennonite YPC
(Mennonite Book Co.) $.36 02

Canyon Songs

Ain't he neat, ha! ha!
Sweet, ha! ha!
Handsome and fair;
He is a daisy,
The girls all declare.
He's a high-rollin' laddie, as well.
Oh! look at our——
Say! don't he look swell?

Over tie, over rail, we have hit the dusty trail,
As those tent girls go scrubbing along,
Up and down, round about,
Thru the pitchers in and out,
As those tent girls go scrubbing along,
Then it's hi hi, hee;
Tent girl's job for me,
Shout out your numbers loud and strong
Nine and three—
Where'er you go, you will always know
That those tent girls are scrubbing along,
(Keep them scrubbing)
That those tent girls are scrubbing along.

Gear-jammer, you're a wonder,
And when you're old and gray—
We'll say that, yes, by thunder
You were some dog in your day.

Gear-jammer, we love you,
Gear-jammer, so dear,
To say we don't love you—
What a foolish idea.

Tunes "Smile the While"

Smile the while we sing each campfire song—
For smiles and laughter to this Park belong.
We'll make the canyon ring with melody,
And make our motto, "No work—lots of play."
We'll drive each care and shadow far away,
The moon above will laugh right out with glee
Then you I know will sure remember *me*,
'Till we meet again.

"OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS"

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer—
That's where the West begins.
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
That's where the West begins.

Out where skies are a trifle bluer.
Out where friendship's a little truer,
That's where the West begins.
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
That's where the West begins.
More of singing and less of sighing,
More of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying—
That's where the West begins.

Tune: There's a Long, Long Trail"

There's a long, long line awaiting,
Out in the lobby today;
"We want to eat our dinner," is all they can say.
"In our pockets we have lots of cash, to trade
For beef or sauer kraut;
Oh, please, stern lady at the door,
Don't try to keep us out."

Tune: Are You from Dixie"

Are we the tent girls, Yes, we're the tent girls,
And we know just how to make up the beds.
We change the linen, shake up the pillows,
If we have to stand on our heads.
There's Highwinkle, the tenting queen, the boss of the crew;
For her we'll work and scrub like mad the whole season through—
Are we the tent girls, yes, we're the tent girls,
And we're smiling now at you.

CAMPING WITH THE Y. P. C. (*Tune*: "*Jingle Bells*")

Dashing through the Park
In a Ford or motor car—
You hurry past the freaks so fast
You can't tell what they are.
You see a painted gorge,
A valley filled with steam,
You can't believe the sights you see,
Things can't be what they seem.

Chorus

Honk that horn! honk that horn!
A camp swings into view,
The door's flung wide,
The "pack-rats" cheer,
The greeting's all for you.
Honk that horn, honk that horn,
Now give them one-two-three,
What fun to come to the Yellowstone,
And stay at the Y. P. C.

They've cabins at the Springs,
At Geyser, tents galore,
At Lake, they've canvas bungalows,
At Canyon hundreds more.
You'll hear the native slang,
A "Savage" serves you food,
You'll find what "rotten-logging" means.
And learn that you're a dude.

Chorus

Honk that horn! honk that horn!
A tenting life for me!
The only way to see the Park
Is with the Y. P. C.
Honk that horn! honk that horn!
Now give them one-two-three;
What fun to come to the Yellowstone,
And stay at the Y. P. C.

Tune: *"Sweet Adaline"*

Oh Lady Mac, dear Lady Mac,
We want to know, can we come back
To Canyon Camp, we love it so.
And you're the one, oh Lady Mac,
That makes it go.

Tune: *"Tipperary"*

It's a long way to the CANYON,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to the CANYON,
To the grandest CAMP I know.
Goodbye to Old Faithful,
No more Lake for me;
It's a long, long way to the CANYON,
But there I long to be.

Pack up your troubles, tho' the weather's damp—
And smile, smile, smile.
Count yourselves lucky, here at Canyon Camp,
Smile, dudes, that's the style;
What's the use of worrying,
It never was worth while—
So pack up your troubles, be a sport tonight,
And smile, smile, smile.

Tune: *"Carry Me Back to Old Virginia"*

Carry me back to dear old Canyon,
That's where the savages and dudes all love to go;
That's where we labor so hard for vacation,
That's where we earn all our large amount of dough.
That's where the pack rats are strong, brave and handsome,
That's where the cook is an Angel, so they say;
That's where the heavers are merry and gladsome,
That's where each bus boy is handy with his tray.
Carry me back to dear old Canyon,
Back to the camp where the tent girls get no rest;
Back to the camp where the manager is smartest,
Back to Old Canyon, the camp we love the best.

Tune: *"We've Been Working on the Railroad"*

We've been working at the Canyon
All day and half the night;
We've been working at the Canyon
For three meals and an appetite.
We rise so early in the morning
To feed you before we start,
We hope you'll not forget the canyon
When we're far apart.

YELLOWSTONE PARK

Tune: *"Mother Machree"*

There's a Park in the West that Americans own,
It is called Nature's playground or Park Yellowstone;
It's a spot full of wonders, of scenery rare,
A place of enjoyment and freedom from care.
There are mountains pine clad, veiled in mists of soft blue,
There are marvelous sunsets of rose colored hue;
And skies of deep azure where fleecy clouds sail,
Making patches of shadow o'er mountain and dale.

The speckled trout leap in the swift flowing streams,
The deer, unmolested, come from the ravines;
All fearlessly wander the trails up and down.
The chipmunk and woodchuck, the bear, black and brown,
The woodthrush at evening his liquid notes thrills,
Making melody echo from rocks, woods and hills;
While the moon, peering down through the pines tall and dark
Makes a place of enchantment of Yellowstone Park.

There's a spot in this Park that's a weird wonderland,
It's the home of Old Faithful, of Castle and Grand,
There are pools of mysterious emerald and blue,
Fringed round by the gentian and painted cup, too;
There's a lake nestled down among amethyst peaks,
Where an ogre called Giant most peacefully sleeps—
Then comes the Master's benediction in Art,
'Tis the exquisite Canyon of Yellowstone Park.

CANYON LAND

Tune: "*Beulah Land*"

There is a land of charm for me,
Prophetic of the home to be,
The Canyon of the Yallowstone,
As heaven, with beauty all its own.

Chorus:

O, Canyon Land, dear Canyon Land,
In thy domain I love to stand,
In view of mountain towering high,
By thine abyss where mysteries lie,
Land of surprise and mighty thrills!
Under thy spell, my spirit fills.

I love to view thy color scheme,
Harmonious as a poet's dream,
Thy beauty has a charm for me,
As is not found on land or sea.

I love thy falls, so bold and free,
Their music thrills and comforts me,
Their evening damp and morning dews,
Their silver spray and rainbow hues.

I love thy river, glad and free,
Singing its way unto the sea,
Though rough the way that it is sent,
Its song e'er says, "I am content."

I love thy mysteries so deep,
Into which I may only peep,
But when I reach that "Better Land,"
E'en thee, with God, I'll understand.

MUMMY SONG

Tune: "*Long, Long Trail*"

It's a short, short life we live here, so let us jazz while we may,
With a song for every moment of the whole bright day;
What's the use of looking gloomy, or what's the use of our tears,
When we know a mummy's had no fun for more'n three thousand years.

Tune: "*Turkey in the Straw*"

Oh! come now if you want a real lark,
Just buy a ticket for the Y. Park;
Where hot springs boil, and the Geysers geeze
And they feed the bears on blackberry pies.

They'll take you to Mammoth the very first thing
And give you a bath in a boiling spring,
Then they'll give you your supper and a mighty good show,
And put you to bed in a bungalow.

Then they'll pack you into a yellow car
And take you on where the geysers are,
And if you stay for a day or two
Perhaps the Giant will throw up for you.

Then they'll give you your breakfast like your mother used to make
And send you on to the Yellowstone Lake.
There you start off fishing if the day is bright
And you fish all day but you never get a bite.

Then when your stay at the Lake is past
You'll find they've saved the best 'till the last,
For on to the Canyon Camp you'll go
And you'll want to stay for a month or so.

From Inspiration Point you get your first view,
And you wonder what heaven has left for you
When you see the Canyon with its painted walls,
And catch a glimpse of the Lower Falls.

At the camp you'll find they're a jolly crew,
The tent-girls, the heavers and the pack-rats, too;
They'll show you a good time all day long,
And send you off with a jolly song.

They'll entertain by the camp-fire gleam
With "Loading the bus," and "Soldiers Dream,"
And Mrs. Casey will be there too,
And Indian Maidens will dance for you.

Chorus:

Now you take
A tip from me
Canyon Camp's
The place to be.
And when you come, as I know you will
You'll want to stay at the Canyon, too.
Here's to Canyon—Best yet.

SKEETER SONG

There was a little skeeter
And he wasn't any bigger
Than the wee, small head of a pin.
But the bump that he raises
Just itches like blazes
And that's where the rub comes in.

They go wild, simply wild, over me,
They go mad, just as mad as they can be,
No matter where I'm at, all the skeeters lean and fat,
The small ones, the tall ones,
I scratch them off like that.
Every night how they fight over me.
They just run from my neck down to my knee.
Though I use some salty grease I can never sleep in peace,
They go wild, simply wild, over me.

Tune: *"Glory, Glory Hallelujah"*

It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E,
It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E,
If you find yourself in trouble
It will vanish like a bubble
If you'll only take the trouble
Just to S-M-I-L-E.

Show me the Scotchman who doesn't love the thistle,
Show me the Englishman who doesn't love the rose,
But show me the true-hearted Canyon Savage—
Who doesn't love the spot (slap chest)—
Where true love grows.

We're loyal to our Canyon Camp,
All tourists proclaim it the champ—
Wherever we go, we will let them all know
That the fairest of all camps is this,—(Rah, rah)
Our friendships are never untrue,
Of sorrow you can't find a clue—
Join our happy band,
It's the best in the land,
We're loyal to our Canyon Camp.

TRAIL SONG

Tune: *"Casey Jones"*

Come all you dudes, who like to climb,
The trip is starting, and you're just in time.
If your nerves are steady and your legs don't fail,
Then the guide will take you down Uncle Tom's trail
If you start to faint, then grab him quick;
Take a whiff from his bottle, for it's got a kick.
Put on your chains and get ready to slide.
For you're going down the trail with the Canyon guide.

Chorus:

Here comes Rolf, starting for the Canyon,
Here comes Rolf, he'll take you by the hand.
Here comes Rolf, starting for the Canyon,
Get your ticket for the Promised Land.

See the handsome fellow with a lady by his side;
Stay close to him, for he's the guide.
He'll hold your hand most all the while,
And it's worth a dollar to see him smile.
There isn't the least cause for alarm;
Just lean your weight on his strong right arm,
For, fat or skinny, or young or old,
He'll get you up if the gas pipes hold.

Chorus:

Tune: *"I Think You're Absolutely Wonderful"*

We think you're absolutely wonderful—
Now, what do you think of us?
What do you think of us?
You stole into our hearts and took complete possession—
You have made a marvelous impression.
We know that Canyon has no equal,
It will haunt you all your days—
The savages are all so true and real,
The friendships that we make are so ideal!
We think our Canyon Camp is wonderful—
Now, tell us, dudes, don't you agree with us?

How'd you like to be a Canyon Savage—
How'd you like to rise at break of day—
How'd you like to be a Canyon Heaver—
And carry all your dishes on a tray?
How'd you like to be a Canyon Tent Girl—
Slinging sheets and pillows to array—
How'd you like to be a Canyon Savage—
And make your life a merry roundelay?

Here's to the camp of dear Old Faithful—
Where the Geysers play.
Here's to the camp of Mammoth—
Terraces so grand they display;
Here's to your own beloved Lake Camp,
With waters so dreamy blue—
But here's to our own dear Canyon Camp,
How we love you.

Tune: *"I'd Like to be a Pal of Yours"*

I'd like to be a pirate bold,
Um——and a little bit more;
Discover treasures yet untold,
Um——and a little bit more;
I'd like to be a Canyon Savage,
And then I'd want no more,
For I'd have all that's coming to me,
Um——and a little bit,
Um——and a little bit,
Um——and a little bit more.

I'm glad I'm not a pirate bold,
Um——and a little bit more;
Discover treasures yet untold,
Um——and a little bit more.
For I'm a Canyon Savage now,
I could not ask for more,
For I have all that's coming to me,
Um——and a little bit,
Um——and a little bit,
Um——and a little bit more.

Tune: *"John Brown's Body"*

I don't want to be an angel as the Good Book has it planned,
I don't crave the milk and honey that will strew the Promised Land;
For my idea of heaven isn't mansions, understand—
It's to be a Canyon Savage.

Chorus:

Glory, glory hallalujah, etc.
(Repeat last line at end.)

And when at last I have to meet St. Peter at the gate,
A-marking down my credits on an alabaster slate—
And he says, "What have you done on earth that I should ope the gate?"
"I've been a Canyon Savage."

And here below lest you forget this mark upon my head,
When I am nicely settled in my green and mossy bed—
"Well, she was a dandy girl and it's a shame her soul has sped—
For she was a Canyon Savage."

Tune: *"There is a Cow Down on Our Farm"*

There is a camp in Yellowstone Park,
Golly, ain't that queer?
Where young folks go to have a lark,
Golly, ain't that queer?
We work hard from break of day—
And then at ten we hit the hay—
No rest for the wicked, so they say—
Golly, ain't that queer?

The dudes come thru by tens and scores,
Golly, ain't that queer?
Ask a million questions, yes, and more—
Golly, ain't that queer?
"How many trees are in the Park?"
"Do bears eat dudes when they meet 'em in the dark?"
"Are savages wild?" "Do the woodchucks bark?"
Golly, ain't that queer?

Tune: *"Harrigan"*

K-N Y-O-N, K-M-P spells Canyon Camp, Canyon Camp,
We dare you to say a word agin us, agin us,
To do so would be so humorous, ridiculous;
K-N Y-O-N, K-M-P you see,
'Tis a name known to fame,
O'er the world its praise acclaim,
Canyon Camp for me.

Tune: *"Cavalier"*

1. You save up your money and come to the Park,
   Come to the Park,
   Come to the Park,
   You save up your money and come to the Park—
   Come to the Park.
2. A yellow bus takes you all over the trail, etc.
3. You like our own Canyon the best of them all, etc.
4. The savages greet you with song and guitar, etc.
5. The Tent Girls so early tap-tap at your door, etc.

Tune: *"Till We Meet Again"*

Till we meet again, we'll say adieu,
We've enjoyed the hours we spent with you;
Hoping you have liked our crew
So come back again to view
Our Canyon, so sublime and true,
Our haunting pines and skies so blue.
Come back to Camp next year, (spoken) "Please do"—
To wonderful Yellowstone.

Tune: *"By the Light of the Moon"*

If you're for Canyon Savages, just come along with me,
By the light of the moon, by the light of the moon;
We'll teach you how to rotten-log, but never how to spoon,
By the bright shining light of the moon.

Chorus:

By the light of the moon, by the light of the moon,
By the bright shining light of the silvery moon.
If you're for Canyon Savages, just come along with me,
By the bright shining light of the moon.

Tune: *"Pass the Loving Cup Around"*

Oh, pass the broomsticks all around,
Nor pass a tent girl by—
We all scrub on our bended knee
We'll labor 'till we die.
For dude-tents must be nice and clean,
While in this camp they stay;
Here's health that looks,
Like picture books,
The tent-girls you survey.

Oh, pass the food-trays all around
Nor pass a heaver by—
They all swing on a wicked heel
To swing the food supply.
Dude appetites must be appeased,
There seems to be no end;
But when we die,
We'll go on high
To get our dividend.

Tune: *"We're Forever Chasing Bubbles"*

We're forever chasing porters,
Busy porters around the camp;
They hide around, never make a sound,
When work is done, they're always found.
Chloride of lime they're hunting,
Swabs they always lose,
We're forever chasing porters,
But the porters chase the dudes.

Tune: *"Has Any One Here Seen Kelly"*

Has anybody seen——'s moustache?
His pet hobby and pride,
Has anybody seen——'s moustache,
Nine hairs on a side;
Get a microscope and watch it grow,
You can almost see it in a month or so,
Has anybody seen——'s moustache?
——, the big pack-rat.

Tune: *"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"*

Scratch, scratch, scratch,
Skeeters are coming—
Listen to their angel choir.
So, dear dudes, take precautions,
Mentholatum, Vicks and lotions,
Or you'll never live to see the break of day.

Tune: *"Roamin' in the Gloamin'"*

Heaving at the Canyon
In the brand new dining room;
Heaving at the Canyon 'till we'll all be dying soon;
When the dudes have gone to rest, that's the time we all love best.
Oh, it's lovely heaving at the Canyon.

Yawning in the morning, when that rising bell we hear;
Yawning in the morning, when our sleep is very dear,
And when we're fully dressed
And we think we look our best
Still we keep on yawning in the morning.

There are smiles from Indiana,
There are smiles from Idaho,
There are smiles from Maine to California,
There are smiles from north to Mexico;
There are smiles all over this great nation
In whatever states your footsteps fall,
But the smiles that come from———
Are the smiles that are best of all.

Oh me, oh my, you'll get there bye and bye,
If anybody loves our Canyon,
Sing ay-ay-ay-ay-ay.

Has anybody seen my kitty, has anybody seen my cat?
He's got a hump on the end of its tail
To show that he's been fighting.
Down in Savage Alley, and up in Dude Tent Flat,
Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty,
Has anybody seen my cat?

Tune: *"Jingle Bells"*

Canyon Camp, Canyon Camp,
You're the place for us.
We'll stay here, never fear,
Will we make a fuss?—No!
We will work, we will play
Forming friendships true,
We'll go away, but we won't stay
And we'll come back to you.

Tune: *"Hot Time"*

C-C-C Canyon comes to greet you,
You will see-see-see,
How glad we are to meet you.
You'll agree, gree, gree,
We know just how to treat you,
So come join us at campfire tonight.

I've got a long, tall, disconnected honey man,
And he's a fool about me;
And when I get back to Nashville, Tenn
My home in Tennessee,—
He'll teach me how to cheek and everything, and ball the jack
And when I get the railroad fare, oh boy,
I'm going back,
I've got a long, tall, disconnected honey man,
And he's a fool about me.

TAPS

Goodnight, we must part.
God keep watch o'er us all thru the night.
We shall meet with the morn
Goodnight.
Day is done, gone the sun,
From the hills, from the woods, from the sky.
All is well, safely rest.
God is nigh.

Another Western Recreation Spot You Should Visit.

Reached via Electric Car Line from Ogden

Reached via Paved Auto Road from Ogden

No Finer Auto Ride in the West

THE HERMITAGE HOTEL

OGDEN CANYON, UTAH

NATIONALLY KNOWN FOR ITS

Unique Construction
Beautiful Situation
Trout and Chicken Dinners